

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 350. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850.

PRICE 1½d.

## SHOPS, SHOPKEEPERS, SHOPMEN, AND SHOP MORALITY.

The shops of London form one of the principal attractions to visitors, come from what part of the world they may. There all that the science and industry of man have succeeded in producing at home, as well as all that enterprise and capital have collected from every explorable district of the globe, is to be found in abundance, and to be bought for a price. Everything that man can require under any circumstances of his life, and ten thousand things besides, tempt the vanity and cupidity of the passenger, and teach him, if he be disposed to learn, in one and the same lesson, both the value and worthlessness of wealth. Behind the lofty planes of crystal, framed in brass, he may gaze upon riches in gold, silver, and precious jewels, such as the old monarchs of the East might have dreamt of, but never saw. In the space of a single mile he may travel from the North Pole to the Polynesian Isles—from Western Europe to Japan, and contemplate, and handle if he choose, the infinite productions of every latitude and every race. If he be an Englishman, he will probably feel some justifiable pride in the universal extent of that commerce, the evidence of whose success is in all directions so abundantly manifest. Let him pause—there are two sides to every picture.

There are aching hearts and anxious bosoms behind many a gorgeous front and wealth-crammed window. The inevitable expenses attendant upon a shop of any pretensions in London are enormously large. A trader in search of a shop to settle in, though he may find plenty to let, will rarely find one that holds out any prospect of ultimate success, for which a heavy premium is not demanded. For a house in one of the populous lines of road hundreds must be paid down for liberty to go in, and when that liberty is purchased, hundreds more must often be expended before the place is put in a habitable condition. We have heard of L.300 premium being asked for a filthy den, the fee simple of which, independently of situation, was not worth L.50; and it is often made a condition of entrance that the incoming tenant shall, in addition to premium, expend some hundreds more in immediate repairs and fittings. Then if we take into consideration that the annual rent of such places, when the traffic is plentiful, may be reckoned low at L.200, and is often much more—and that, at the lowest estimate, other expenses which cannot be avoided amount to at least as much, we shall see that every such retail shop must realise a gain of above L.1, 10s. a day to defray standing expenses, to say nothing of housekeeping charges and interest of capital. With such responsibilities upon him, it is no wonder that a cloudy day or a shower of rain is regarded as a calamity by a struggling tradesman, who depends, as the

majority of shopkeepers do in the crowded parts of town, upon what is called chance-custom—that is, single transactions with persons whom they never see again.

This chance-custom, by the way, is one of the most inexplicable things connected with shopkeeping. A man shall take L.30 a day on one side of the way, averaging the year throughout, while his neighbour on the opposite side of the way, in the same business, and with a similar stock, shall not take L.2, 10s. But go a hundred yards down the street, and you shall find that the current of commerce has changed sides, for no reason upon earth that it is possible to imagine. Rents of course change in proportion; and in the favoured spots, a thin slip of a house, hardly as wide as a country-church door, will realise more than a roomy mansion in the less successful locality. The tide of business is liable to strange and anomalous fluctuations from trifling or unaccountable causes. Sometimes a new thoroughfare is opened into a main street, and away flies all the traffic; at other times it will fade away gradually from one block of buildings in a long street, all the rest remaining prosperous as before. The establishment of a gin-shop often changes the commercial character of the neighbourhood entirely, compelling the traders in its immediate vicinity either to change their saleable commodities for others, or to remove altogether from the district. We have known a man's business fall off thirty per cent. through the widening of the pavement by order of the commissioners. The appointment of a cab-stand in a street of no great width may ruin a shopkeeper who deals in fancy articles; nay, a crossing-sweeper, by clearing a clean pathway through the mud, may carry half a man's customers across the road to another shop. The establishment of omnibuses along the whole line of retail traffic has, however, been the severest blow to the retail shopkeepers, and is now, especially since the reduction in omnibus fares, by which everybody may ride to any quarter of the town for threepence, being severely felt by the landlords themselves, whose lordly rents are tumbling down apace. In thousands of instances the tradesman now stands at his shop door, and sees his former customers rolling past on the top of the omnibus: the consequence is, that business is fast migrating to the suburbs, which present an aspect peculiar to London, and to London only; we refer to the rows of houses, miles in length, having their shops projected in front, covering the area that was once the front garden. In many instances the rents of these houses have risen to three or four times their original amount.

Considerable tact is required in the choice of a situation for a business, or of a business for a particular situation. Landlords know this, and as their rents are dependent upon the success of their tenants, they frequently will not let their premises to traders for whose

business they know them to be unsuitable. We have known a man enter upon a house and shop, open it in a respectable calling, with a fair capital, and with civil and obliging manners, and fail in a few years, dragged down by the heavy rent; and we have seen him succeeded by a man in a jockey-cap, talking a race-course jargon, whose whole stock consisted of a huge nondescript iron machine—reminding one of that in the quack's apartment in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'—by the aid of which he roasted chestnuts at a penny a dozen, who yet stood his ground for years, and apparently thrived well. We could refer to another who for twenty years fought a hard battle with fortune, rose early, and rested late, and reared a large family upon an average profit of £20 a month, till, by the fortunate expedient of adding one new article to his stock, he raised the profits all at once to £120 a month. So important is it to suit the commodities dealt in to the neighbourhood.

Chance-custom being the main support of the great majority of shopkeepers, of course it becomes of the first importance to catch the eye of the passer-by. The width of frontage, therefore, is one grand element of a trader's success. To secure this to the utmost possible extent, the persons interested have recourse to every possible device. The party-wall of the house is often shaved as thin as is consistent with the safety of the fabric, and is sometimes cut away in front till the window touches the neighbours' premises on either side, and the whole stock is multiplied in appearance by the insertion of mirrors at both ends. Sometimes the stock in trade travels up stairs from room to room, monopolising every front window, and even peeping over the parapet level with the roof. Not content with this, some will paint their houses from the chimneys downwards of a blood-red or emerald-green, or in party-coloured chequers. Others are eternally 'selling off,' and keep their premises, for seven years together, covered with enormous placards, stuck on lengthways, sideways, or with their heads downwards. Some, the slop-sellers in particular, keep a band of music in perpetual pay, which during the day perambulates the streets and suburbs in a huge van swathed all over with the announcement of 'terrific bargains,' and stops at dusk in front of the 'mart,' 'emporium,' 'pantaloonicon,' or whatever it may be, where the blatant brass is heard bellowing far into the night, while a flaring illumination in gas lights up the surrounding district. Others resort to the well-known 'sandwich dodge,' by which the public thoroughfares are crowded with miserables wedged fast between two heavy placarded boards. These poor fellows, whose bread, sandwiches as they are, can hardly be said to be well-buttered, receive invariably a shilling a day for carrying their Sinbad load, from which they are only released when it becomes too dark to read.

Somewhat analogous to the sandwich, though on a much genteler footing, is the 'gazer.' This leisured employé, whose very existence is hardly known to one in a thousand, is a genteelly-dressed, complacent-looking individual, having much the appearance and manners of an aristocratic 'gentleman about town.' It is but rarely that his services are monopolised by a single firm, unless they are the proprietors of several shops in different quarters of the town. It more frequently happens that he is the joint property of several individuals whose occupations and interests do not clash with each other. They manage to rig him out in fashionable trim by general contribution: a hatter takes charge of his head; a tailor of his back; the proprietor of the 'pantaloonicon' contributes the trousers; the boot-maker induces him in a pair of the genteelst of boots; he sports a gold-headed cane or a handsome umbrella, supplied by the manufacturer of those articles; neck-tie and handkerchief of irreproachable style and pattern are bestowed by the haberdasher; while a jeweller finds him a gold watch, a showy ring, and a handsome double eye-glass. Thus equipped, he 'goeth forth to his labour'

whenever the state of the weather is such as to support the probability of his genuineness. All he has to do is to walk leisurely from the shop of one of his patrons to that of another, stopping in front of the window, and scrutinising with much apparent interest and complacency the various objects displayed to public view. In so doing, he handles his gold eye-glass with aristocratic grace—taps his model boot with his splendid cane—drops a monosyllabic ejaculation of surprise or commendation, and when half a score of simpletons have gathered round to admire the astonishing cheapness and perfection of the wares, he pops into the shop, gives an order in a loud and pompous tone for a dozen of the article which the tradesman wants to push off—desires that they may be sent to May Fair before dark, and leaving his card with the shopman, who bows him reverentially out, walks leisurely off to the next shop on his beat, there to repeat the same interesting ceremony. He contrives to arrive at the tailor's at the fashionable hour when that functionary is engaged with customers; there he may perhaps give a concise order for a couple of coats, a paletot, or an Oxonian. 'You have my measure—no immediate hurry: this-day-week will do,' and he is off again on his way to the jeweller's. He accomplishes his easy round in the course of the day, and betakes himself to his scurvy lodging, and doffs his 'show-togs' before dark; after which he is perhaps 'touter' in some gold or silver 'hell' in the purlieus of St James's Street, or master of the ceremonies at one of the hundred casinos open for midnight folly and debauchery. His pay varies from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence a day, according to his figure and effrontery; and he considers it easily and pleasantly earned, inasmuch as he is, according to his own notions, to all intents and purposes a gentleman during the hours of duty.

He has a counterpart in the fair sex, who, however, is not half so pleasantly occupied or provided for. She stands at this moment, where she has stood for the last dozen years (we know her well), in the front door-way of one of those tempting shops where bonnets and millinery are displayed in the windows. Her function is far more delicate and difficult than that of the dashing 'gazer.' She has to watch over the interesting vacillations and indecisions of the fair, who, hovering on the brink of purchase, fear to launch into actual outlay, and look and long, and withdraw, and return, and look again, at the tempting wares and snares that ingenuity has prepared for vanity. She is to the shopkeeper what the landing-net is to the angler: it is her office, at the precise crisis between hesitation and resolve, to lug the half-unwilling victim who has bitten the tawdry bait into the interior of the shop, where she is handed over to persons too well skilled in the art of perpetrating a sale to leave her any chance of escape. These syrens, all unlike their classical prototypes, are for the most part worn, weather-beaten, and extra-ordinary, not to say ugly. Judging from their dowdy appearance, and the evidence of ill-feeding in their gaunt boy figures, and their lank aspects, they must be but stingily remunerated for their eternal sentinelship. They are the standing monuments of woman's inhumanity to woman, and, like myriads of other monuments less touching, have suffered considerable dilapidations from contact with angry winds and tempestuous weather.

So numerous are the devices of tradesmen to attract attention to their wares, that they have themselves given rise to many trades, which are among the most flourishing. Shop-fitters abound in every district, and are ever ready to contract for any alteration, however trifling or extensive, from twenty shillings to a thousand pounds or more. The amount of money that is annually paid in London for mere shop-fittings must be enormous. The rage for new fronts and plate glass seems at length to have reached its maximum, and it will shortly be necessary to have recourse to some less common luxury to excite the public attention. Costliness and profusion seem to be studied more than any-

thing  
course  
would  
and we  
that th  
out of  
tend to  
ginal  
magnit  
experie  
poorest  
equally

The  
within  
in all c  
The do  
with t  
Thoug  
the fir  
is out  
to the  
later, t  
stock a  
heads  
of dum  
looking  
genuin  
occasio  
show, i  
not, ho  
trades  
of his  
by real  
of line  
whole  
chests  
rum, p  
sides,  
defy r  
times  
dumm  
in the  
some  
small  
and vic  
the for  
gold t  
But w  
tion to

C  
Among  
than t  
have  
spirit,  
And h  
of my  
tion er  
confide  
individu  
In con  
panyin  
of oes  
festati  
agony  
he had  
lishing  
foible,  
behind  
fellow  
what  
to his  
with

thing else in connection with shop decoration. Of course this is found to meet the public approbation, or it would not be continued; yet it is an anomalous thing, and would seem to wear the aspect of bad policy, seeing that the public must be aware that the cost of all comes out of their pockets, and must in some way or other tend to increase the price of goods. The gin-shops originally set the example in this race of splendour and magnificence; and it has since been proved by plentiful experience that the same bait which allures the very poorest and most wretched of the populace, has charms equally potent with the better classes.

The dummy-maker pursues an occupation which within the last few years has risen to great importance in all our large towns, but more especially in London. The demand for dummies has wonderfully increased with the exaltation and extension of shop-windows. Though the shopkeeper may carry his windows up to the first or second floor, as indeed many of them do, it is out of his power to lift the heads of his customers up to the same level: he consequently finds out, sooner or later, that it is a losing game to exhibit his perishable stock at a height of half-a-dozen feet or more above the heads of the public; and he has recourse to the maker of dummies, who can counterfeit any description of solid-looking goods, and save him from the deterioration of genuine stock. The dummies, therefore, go aloft, and occasionally fill in the background, and, for purposes of show, answer just as well as the real article. They are not, however, confined to the window solely: a young tradesman with small capital may fill the major portion of his shelves with dummies, displacing them gradually by real wares as success enables him to do so. Pieces of linen, rolls of broad-cloth or Brussels carpeting, whole fathoms of backs of elegantly-bound books, chests of tea, huge tuns of 'Old Tom,' or real Jamaica rum, packets of patent medicines, and fifty things besides, are counterfeited with such perfect effect, as to defy recognition by a stranger; nay, we have sometimes seen the tradesman himself lay hands on the dummy, mistaking it for a piece of real goods. The dummy-maker is liable occasionally to strange mistakes in the fabrication of sham books: taking his titles from some printed catalogue, you may often see that of a small duodecimo upon the ribbed back of a huge folio, and *vice versa*; or find a work which was published in the form of one thin octavo, blazoned in morocco and gold to resemble the backs of ten ponderous quartos. But we must now leave the shops, and turn our attention to their owners and occupiers.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A SHY MAN.

AMONG the minor miseries of life, there is none greater than the misery of shyness. I speak feelingly, for I have all my life been under the dominion of that evil spirit, which I have in vain attempted to exorcise. And here, before proceeding further with the narrative of my sufferings, I would rectify a mistaken supposition entertained by many persons, that it requires greater confidence to unbosom one's self to the public than to an individual. Quite the contrary I know to be the case. In confiding one's woes to the public, there is no accompanying dread of a cold word or a cold glance—no fear of one's communications being received with that manifestation of indifference, or air of abstraction, which is agony to the shy man, because it makes him feel as if he had been guilty of folly or presumption—thus establishing more firmly than ever the thrall of his tyrant foible. In addressing the public, the man is sheltered behind the author. He is not, as in the society of his fellow-men, so flurried and nervous that, knowing not what he says or does, he is guilty of absurdities foreign to his real character. In the quiet of his own study, with only his pen for his companion, he preserves his

presence of mind, and can be *himself*, which, with others, the shy man never is, or can be. True, when his productions are fairly launched on the cold, merciless waves of public opinion, he may feel many misgivings: he may seek more than ever to abstract himself *personally* from the notice of the world; but he buoys himself up with the belief that some will understand his sorrows, and, in spirit at least, yield him their sympathy: he indulges the hope that to the hearts of those who share the same unfortunate constitution, his words, foolishness as they be to others, will carry the consolation they suffer not alone or unpitied. But to return to myself.

Many would call me one of the fortunate of the earth, and in outward circumstances I have reason to esteem myself such. But philosophers have agreed that the seed of happiness is in the mind: one would say, therefore, that when the mind is in a constant state of constraint and uneasiness, there can be little real enjoyment. I am one of two brothers, the children of parents in easy circumstances, belonging to the great middle class of society. In disposition my brother was remarkably the reverse of myself. He possessed that easy grace, that winning confidence of manner, equally remote from forwardness on the one hand, and from shyness such as mine on the other. I was early sensible that he was with everybody a much greater favourite than I was—even with our father and mother; not that they intended this to appear—for they were good and just parents, and wished in every respect to do rightly by their children, and in all substantial marks of their regard ever made them equal; but they replied to my brother's affectionate demonstrations by caresses which were never lavished upon me. All this was perfectly natural. Perhaps they thought I did not care for such manifestations of love, as I did not court them; but it wounded me to the quick, and I frequently withdrew to my own little room to weep alone and unpitied—my grief aggravated by the consciousness that while over-sensitiveness was the fault of my nature, I was regarded as an indifferent, apathetic child. And yet I would have died rather than my tears should have been seen or their cause guessed. At these times I frequently felt jealous of my brother; but this frame of mind seldom continued long, for I admired him greatly, was peculiarly sensible of the fascination of his disposition, and even passionately desirous of being valued by him. With these sentiments towards him, I served him in every way I could devise, screened him when he got into scrapes, and wrote his Latin version or Greek verb for him when he was idle or puzzled, for I was not only more painstaking than he was, but my intellectual powers were greater. No one, however, gave me credit for the last kind of superiority: I was generally considered a 'plodding boy.' In common minds there is always a sort of showy effectiveness associated with idea of talent; and most persons erroneously regard industry as the virtue of dullness, or at best of mediocrity, instead of, as it ordinarily is, the concomitant of superior abilities. My brother meanwhile rewarded my good offices now and then by informing me that I was 'a very good fellow after all, though it was a pity I had so little pluck!'

As I drew towards manhood, the agony I endured from being obliged to go into society was indescribable. The company of women in particular was formidable to me. I was plain and insignificant in appearance, and awkward in manners, and I fancied that they despised my attentions, and even sometimes made merry at my expense. A party was for me but a succession of mortifications. One lady in particular, an intimate friend of my mother's, was a constant source of terror to me. I would willingly have walked ten miles any day to avoid her. She was not, however, generally considered a disagreeable person; on the contrary, she was a favourite with most people. She was a lively, sharp-witted woman, fond of saying smart things, and thoughtless of the pain they might give. Her heart, I believe, was good and true, and she would not have intentionally done an injury to any one; but her sym-



thies were all with wit, brilliancy, grace, and fashion. My brother was a prodigious favourite with her. She invited him to all her entertainments, and he was her right hand man upon every occasion. Me she was constantly twitting with my sheepishness, stupidity, and want of gallantry. She was mercilessly witty at the expense of my awkwardness and blunders, and denied that diffidence had anything to do with them. On the contrary, she declared that I frequently said and did ruder and more forward things than anybody she knew. And making allowance for her exaggerated style of speaking, there was truth in her accusation; but she little dreamt of the desperation, the mortification, goaded for the moment to recklessness by her jibing, satirical remarks, which prompted my unmannerly conduct. Such a disposition as mine was quite inconceivable to her—totally foreign to her own nature. Had she comprehended my character, her conduct, I believe, would have been different, for, as I have said before, she was far from being a bad-hearted woman, and had been my mother's tried and constant friend from childhood. But in my behaviour she saw only obstinacy and disagreeableness.

My mother had died while I was a schoolboy, and I was still little more than a youth when my father followed her to the grave. He had realised a considerable fortune, which he left to be equally divided between my brother and myself. My brother embarked his share in the concerns of a mercantile house, in which he was a partner; I succeeded to the profession of my father—that of a solicitor in a large town. I am now approaching what I may term the romance of my life; for even my life, pale, colourless, and negative as its general tenor has been, has had its era of romance, or at least of romantic feeling.

After my father's death I rarely went into company, but confined myself to the society of clerks and musty parchments during the day, while in the evening I held converse with the mighty minds of humanity through the medium of books. I had become a sort of city hermit. I was now resigned to my fate. In the complete seclusion in which I lived, I was no longer daily subjected to my former mortifications. I enjoyed a sort of negative contentment, if not a positive felicity. But the calm of my life was broken at last. One day I received an invitation to an entertainment, to be given at the suburban villa of an old and intimate friend of my father's, and the senior partner in the firm to which my brother belonged. The invitation was an unwonted one, as, from my evident disinclination for society, everybody had given up asking me. This was to be quite a gay affair: there was to be dancing within doors, and the grounds were to be lighted with coloured lamps. The evening arrived. How well I remember it! A warm August night, with a soft, starlit sky, and no moon. I had not thought much about the party, and had not at all made up my mind whether I should go or not. Now, however, I decided on going. I thought I should like to take a peep at the world once more, as a mere spectator, and by way of adding to my materials for philosophising. I went, and to my amazement was received by my host and hostess almost with distinction. By them I was immediately introduced to their daughter, the heroine of the night, for the ball was given in honour of her birthday. I had not seen her since she was quite a child, as she had been absent at school for several years. And now, how shall I describe her, so as to do justice to her grace and beauty, and to the goodness and intelligence which spoke in every feature of her lovely face! Mary—for such was her name—seemed about eighteen or nineteen, of a tall, graceful, and yet girlish figure. Her complexion was very dark, but uncommonly smooth and clear. A rich roseate glow, changing with every emotion of her sensitive heart, mantled on her cheek, and added brilliancy to her soft dark eyes, while the expression of her exquisite mouth bespoke the sweetness of her temper. Long luxuriant curls of the richest and

darkest hair fell around the fresh, blooming, joyous, young face. An overwhelming fit of shyness seized me the moment this lovely vision met my eyes. I made a more than usually awkward bow, for my muscles seemed suddenly to contract and stiffen. I stammered, and said nothing, feeling as if suddenly bereft of ideas. A glance in a pier-glass completed my discomfiture. There, beside my radiant companion, my defects were more striking. My shabby ungainly figure, my pale, harsh features, my awkward attitude and disconcerted aspect, formed a strange contrast with her brilliant figure and graceful deportment. I felt that I looked like a fool, and yet I knew I was not a fool. But my fate (so it seemed to me) had condemned me ever to appear like one. I would have shrunk into an obscure corner, had not Mary, in a frank, lively tone, began to talk to me. By degrees I became more at ease. There was a fascination in her voice, and under its influence, for a few brief minutes, I forgot myself and my shyness in the pleasure of listening to her. She asked me if I danced: I replied in the negative. How I wished I had! In the excitement of the moment I believe I might have asked her to join a quadrille.

We were standing near a window which opened upon the lawn. I ventured to admire the picturesque effect of the ladies' white dresses seen through the trees, and the lamps glittering among the dark foliage.

'Have you been out?' she inquired.

'No,' I replied.

'Should you like to go?'

'If you will accompany me,' I said hesitatingly, and in amazement at my own courage.

'Willingly,' she answered; and the next minute I found myself sauntering down a shady alley, partially illumined by the green-like light of the coloured lamps, the stars shining through the rents in the leafy roof, the sound of music borne on the perfumed and tepid air, and the most charming woman I had ever seen leaning on my arm. It was like enchantment; and now when I look back upon it through the long vista of years, it resembles a dream of fairyland. The brief moment of intoxication was soon over. I was not again that night near Mary; but from a remote corner I watched every movement of her light, bright figure—every turn of her sweet, gleeful countenance.

From that day forward I thought and dreamed only of Mary. I never had another conversation with her; she never leant on my arm again; but when I met her, she bestowed on me a sweet sunny smile, and a kind 'How do you do, Mr Charles?' and these were the golden moments of my life. I lived upon the remembrance of them for days and weeks. I would have given the world to have been able to accost her; but I never could, and I believe she thought I preferred to be unnoticed. I would have walked ten miles any day to have caught only a glimpse of her; and the very sight of a light in the window I imagined to be hers would make my heart beat violently: little did she dream of the fond idolatry with which I regarded her.

Half a year had elapsed from the time of the memorable ball, when one day my brother looked into my private writing-room, and with his handsome face lighted up with more than usual satisfaction, informed me that he came to tell me some news: he was going to be married, and bade me guess to whom. I could not.

'What do you think of Mary —?' he replied.

Thanks to the long-confirmed habit of suppressing all outward demonstration of my emotions, which my shyness had rendered almost instinctive, though unable to make any reply, I contrived to maintain a calm demeanour. My brother was too much occupied with his own satisfaction to observe my silence. After expatiating for some time on his felicitous prospects, he left me to call upon Mary, his countenance beaming with delight.

As soon as he was gone, I gave orders that I should not be disturbed on any pretext whatever, locking the door of my apartment, that I might indulge my feelings

unmole-  
with a  
by an  
pale of  
bably  
whom  
my bro  
torn w  
hour c  
crown  
making  
that v  
'time  
and pa  
fate, ar  
to rejo  
I could  
be able  
myself  
illness,  
stages

When  
couple  
far as  
tionate  
denied  
eremiti  
any eve  
every c  
availed  
received  
that m  
joyment  
tion I h  
down in  
hours o  
I was n  
given m  
her as

Mary  
than tw  
from hi  
the first  
mity, w  
which m  
was em  
involve  
help be  
intellig  
me by l  
ing. S  
ance to  
said, sh  
maintai  
she was  
had res  
me tru  
mingled  
faction,  
myself,  
which w  
I found  
and pap  
deepest  
all drav  
bloom c  
and pale  
a beauti

'This  
said as  
would s  
bled, an  
my chil  
looked th

Now,  
my shy  
shuffled  
stole a g

unmolested. I felt stunned, wretched, and overwhelmed with a bitter sense of loneliness. It seemed to me as if, by an irrevocable doom, I had been thrust beyond the pale of human sympathy. In Mary's eyes I was probably but an odd, insignificant, *outré* sort of being, whom her gentle heart led her to compassionate—and my brother was the object of her love! My heart was torn with jealousy, and even with envy. I cursed the hour of my birth, my many disadvantages, and the crowning evil of my shyness, which prevented me from making any use even of those I might possess. How that wretched afternoon passed I cannot tell. But 'time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and pass it did. By degrees I became resigned to my fate, and after long struggles, I almost brought myself to rejoice in the prospect of my brother's happiness. I could not, however, so far conquer my feelings as to be able to call on my sister-in-law elect, and I excused myself from appearing at the marriage on the plea of illness. And in truth I was ill—in one of the worst stages of life's 'fitful fever.'

When the honeymoon was over, and the young couple settled in their new home, I overcame myself so far as to visit them there. The kindness, nay, affectionateness of Mary's manner towards me almost maddened me. With playful grace she rallied me on my eremitish propensities, and invited me to come to them any evening that I felt tired of my own company, or every evening if I pleased. Sometimes, but rarely, I availed myself of this invitation; for though I always received a kind welcome, I fancied somehow or other that my presence was a drawback to their ease and enjoyment. As the years rolled on, however, the adoration I had once felt for my brother's lovely wife settled down into a devoted but calm friendship: the happiest hours of my existence were spent in her company, and I was no longer so mad as to regret the tie which had given me a claim to her society, and a title to address her as my dear sister Mary.

Mary and my brother had been married for more than twelve years; when the latter was killed by a fall from his horse. Poor Mary had hardly recovered from the first poignant anguish caused by this sudden calamity, when intelligence was received that a vessel in which nearly all her fortune and that of her children was embarked had been lost at sea. Her father being involved in the same misfortune, could do nothing to help her, and she was thus left almost penniless. The intelligence of this last sad blow was communicated to me by herself in a note full of good sense and good feeling. She at once asked me to afford her some assistance to get her boys educated. Her little girl, she said, she should teach herself, while she could easily maintain both by giving instruction in music, in which she was allowed to be a proficient. As soon as I had read this note, the contents of which had caused me truly the deepest concern, although there was mingled with it a strange and selfish feeling of satisfaction, which I in vain endeavoured to hide from myself, I hastened in the direction of Mary's house, which was situated in a different quarter of the town. I found her alone, writing, and surrounded by letters and papers. My brother's widow was dressed in the deepest mourning; her magnificent dark curls were now all drawn beneath her close muslin cap; the bright bloom of youth had forsaken her cheek; she was sad and pale; but in her noble, patient sorrow she was still a beautiful woman.

'This is another heavy affliction, dear Charles,' she said as she affectionately pressed my hand; 'but it would seem nothing after the last' (here her lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears) 'if it were not for my children. The poor boys, Charles!' And Mary looked the petition she had preferred in her note.

Now, being asked a favour always added tenfold to my shyness. I stammered, turned away my head, shuffled my limbs, and returned no answer. Then, as I stole a glance at Mary, I saw that her countenance fell,

and she began hastily to say, 'Oh never mind; perhaps you cannot. I shall be able perhaps to get one of them into Christ's Hospital, and'—

But I hastily interrupted her. 'I am a fool, Mary; but you must forgive me. See, here is my will. Read it.'

It was a will by which I bequeathed the bulk of my property to her, and in succession to her daughter. Her face as she read assumed an expression of extreme astonishment.

'You see, Mary,' I said, 'it is all intended for you. I need but little at any time: so take it now; educate your boys, and keep what remains for yourself and little Mary.'

'No, no, Charles—dear, generous brother! But this will, I see, was made long ago. I thought you had not cared for me?'

'Oh, Mary! I have always thought more highly of you than of any other in the world; and I wished you to know, at least after I was dead, how I had valued your goodness, and felt all your benevolence towards me.'

'My dear Charles, I am more and more amazed! I fancied you disapproved of me, you came so seldom to see us. Sometimes I imagined my mirth displeased you, and I used to try to be grave when you were here; but all in vain.'

'And did you actually imagine I disliked you?'

'No, not *disliked*; I knew you had too good a heart for that.'

'And how did you know I had a good heart, Mary? It must have been your own good heart that led you to suppose so.'

'No, Charles; I know your heart better than you think.'

My distress was for a moment inconceivable, and I was not a little astonished that Mary should think of alluding to such a subject—it seemed unlike her usual delicacy. I was therefore almost relieved when, opening a drawer, she produced several numbers of a magazine to which I had long been a contributor.

'I have read your heart in your writings,' she said.

'My writings!' I cried, blushing like a maiden accused of love. 'How did you know—how?'

'I had long suspected you of being literary; and I chanced one day to meet with an article in this magazine which, in language and sentiment, reminded me so forcibly of something I had once heard you say, that I was convinced it must be yours. I became a subscriber to the magazine; and both from what I read, and from watching your proceedings, I was confirmed in my opinion. I admire your talents, Charles; still more your principles. Often and often have I derived pleasure and improvement from your writings. I have felt proud of my brother I can assure you.'

'Did my brother know?' I inquired at that moment, more deeply gratified than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before.

'No; I thought it might vex him to think you had not told him, and I almost felt that I was bound in honour to keep the secret I had discovered; though I was mortified that you should think us so illiterate, or so tasteless, or so wanting in affection, as not to deserve your confidence.'

'Ah, Mary, how you have misunderstood me!'

'I feel I have so most completely; and I fear that all this time, when I imagined you so placidly contented, you have not been happy. I wish you would confide in me, Charles, as I have confided in you. I am sure you can have nothing to tell that will not do you honour, and I long to understand you thoroughly.'

She spoke with innocent, affectionate earnestness. At that moment I made a desperate resolution to obtain for myself for the first time the luxury of sympathy. Without permitting myself a moment for reflection, which I felt intuitively would only be to bring back the nightmare of shyness to seal my lips for ever, I plunged at once into a somewhat incoherent recital.

I laid bare the arcana of my nature. I even told her of the mad love I had once—long ago now—felt for herself. I told her it was this which had first kept me from her society, and afterwards the fear that I but cast a gloom over their happiness—a fear which was doubtless increased by the gravity she had so kindly assumed with the hope of pleasing me. I told her that I felt for her now the affection of a brother and the esteem of a friend; and that no one on earth could ever have upon me a claim so strong as herself and her children. Mary was evidently deeply touched, and wept several times during my narrative. When I had finished speaking, she took both my hands and pressed them between hers, while she said, 'I always thought well of you, my dear brother Charles; but only now am I able to do you justice, and love you as you deserve. God bless you for all your goodness to me and mine! Make what arrangements you please for the boys: I leave them all to you.'

'And yourself and little Mary?'

She returned no answer; but she must have read a wish in my eyes, for a sweet kind smile gave me courage to say, though in faltering accents, 'Mary, if you do not agree to what I propose, I shall not feel at all hurt. You must leave this house; and if you would come to mine, I should not be much in your way. I am at chambers in the morning, and at night'—

'Ah, Charles, you are far, far too kind! But we shall try to make your house as cheerful and comfortable as we can: it is all we can do to show our gratitude. Little Mary will be so glad to try to amuse you of an evening, dear, kind uncle Charles!' and Mary burst into tears, and I wept with her.

It is now some years since Mary took up her abode in my house: they have been the happiest years of my life; and though a shade of sadness will occasionally steal over the placid brow of my widowed sister, and a gentle sigh bear witness that her thoughts are occupied with the memories of other and brighter days, she appears content, is always cheerful, and has even moments of mirth, which seem to bring her before me once more in all the pride and joy of her girlish beauty and vivacity. As in former days, I pass my mornings at chambers; but in the evening I read to Mary, or she and her daughter, my niece Mary (now a blooming, sweet-tempered girl of fifteen, of whom I am very fond, and very proud), play and sing to me; or we consult together as to what is to be done with the boys, for I have the cares of a family on my shoulders now.

I am still a shy man, and shall, I fear, continue so to the end of the chapter: but I am no longer alone on the earth; and when I look back on the seasons of suffering past long ago, I feel in the peace of the present, with its calm enjoyments, sufficient cause for thankfulness and happiness.

And now, I fear, you will think I have been describing a very undignified character. You will say that my miseries have proceeded from a morbid sensitiveness about the opinions of others, which I ought to have checked: you will say that a noble mind ought to proceed onwards in the path of rectitude and benevolence, satisfied with the approbation of the still small voice, and undisturbed by the anxious solicitude for the suffrages of men, which has in my case been the reason I have never obtained them. And it is all true. But in saying this, you will only say what I have said to myself without avail a thousand and a thousand times. No: I write not in the expectation that you are to hold my character in veneration. It is but your pity I have sought to win, that through this pity you may be induced to be tender to others afflicted as I am—to be cautious of hurting their feelings by a thoughtless jest; and never, for the sake of appearing witty, to inflict a wound of which you can little guess the anguish. Had those by whom my own youth was surrounded sympathised with and encouraged me, instead of neglecting me or laughing at me, I believe I might have been a different man; for ere I was aware

of the nature of my disease, it had taken too firm a hold of my character ever to be eradicated. But if I can persuade only a few to observe the golden rule in their behaviour towards the shy and the sensitive, I shall neither have suffered nor confessed in vain.

## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WHEN, in the year 1827, the pasha of Egypt presented two living giraffes to the kings of England and France, so great was the interest excited by the appearance of a creature which for nearly three centuries had been a stranger to Europe, that every fashion of the year was in the French capital, *à la giraffe*. Ladies bore the pictured form of the graceful animal on their dresses, men carried it on their handkerchiefs, and little children rejoiced in giraffe-bordered pinafores. Such a distinction will probably not be extended by the English to the unwieldy form of the hippopotamus now in Regent's Park; yet his arrival will, we think, render the following notes not unacceptable to our readers.

The earliest account, *by name*, which we now have of this animal, is that given by Herodotus, but which is said by Porphyry to have been copied from that of his predecessor Hecateus. This description attributes to it the cloven foot and hoof of an ox, a snub nose, projecting tusks, and the mane, tail, and voice of a horse; while Aristotle adds that it has a crest on its forehead, and the tail of a pig. It is almost needless to remark, that with the exception of the tusks, both these descriptions are incorrect. Pliny closely follows these accounts, and adds, that before leaving the river for its daily pasturage, it fixes upon a proper place of resort, and then walks backwards to its destination, lest its footsteps should be traced, and snares set for it on its return. He also tells us that when it feels oppressed by fulness of habit, it seeks out a place where strong and sharp-pointed reeds abound, and lies down in such a manner as to cause the reeds to pierce the skin, and act the part of a lancet. This idea is reproduced with variations by Santos, who says, that being subject to gout in the stomach, it falls on the hoof of the left foot, which, penetrating the flesh, 'appeases and terminates its pain'; on which account the Caffirs carry about the left hoof as a preservative from gout.

The first hippopotamus which was brought to Rome, and apparently the first seen in Europe, is said to have been the one exhibited at the games by Æmilius Scaurus during his edileship, in the year 58 a.c., when a temporary canal was formed for the accommodation of this animal and five crocodiles. Others say, but with less authority, that the hippopotamus, together with the rhinoceros, was first conveyed to Rome by Augustus Caesar in the year 29 a.c., as an appropriate memorial of his triumph over Cleopatra. The next record of such an exhibition at Rome is that given by Capitolinus, who informs us that Antoninus Pius imported 'hippopotamuses, and various other foreign animals,' between the years 130-180; an example which was followed, though in a very different spirit, by Commodus, who in 180, and the twelve succeeding years, slew no fewer than five hippopotamuses\* in the amphitheatre, where he enacted the part of a hired gladiator. In the following century, a collection of various curious animals, which included a hippopotamus, was made by Gordianus Pius, and used by his murderer and successor, Philip, in the games which, in the year 248, celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the building

\* It may be proper to point out the incorrectness of the generally-adopted plural of the word hippopotamus, which, being compounded of two Greek words, has yet been given a Latin plural termination, *hippopotami*, while the true plural would be *hippopotamæ*. Perhaps the English form of *hippopotamuses* would be the best, as the present mode of spelling the singular is a corruption, in which the Latin *u* usurps the place of the Greek *e*, making it *hippopotamu*, instead of the original *hippopotamus*.

of the  
peared  
medals  
the col  
historic  
wards,  
assum  
himself  
In th  
Damas  
though  
the ear  
smoke.  
nary er  
and tu  
mentio  
struck  
that th  
ascend  
from hi  
death is  
We l  
extant  
there r  
may be  
rately  
tion giv  
his gre  
like an  
food, w  
under t  
The sh  
willows  
drinket  
The  
was su  
dian ri  
believe  
which  
evidenc  
that sn  
ancient  
whence  
been by  
the ani  
howeve  
species  
old wo  
forms, i  
derm, n  
to the  
held it  
god; y  
to slay  
negro t  
regardi  
their r  
their s  
ing it  
on acc  
crops, t  
that w  
The  
substitu  
greatly  
of fat  
great d  
frequ  
first of  
curious  
cow's p  
remain  
which  
lucubr  
Pliny r  
and we  
to abou  
a dried



of the imperial city. The hippopotamus which appeared on this occasion was commemorated on the medals of Otacilia Severa, the wife of Philip, and on the coins of Philip Junior, their son. Tracing the historical associations connected with this animal onwards, we find that in 273, when Firmus the Seleucian assumed the purple in Alexandria, he distinguished himself by riding on a hippopotamus.

In the fifth century this animal was described by Damascius and Achilles Tatius; the last of whom, though he delineates its form more correctly than the earlier writers, yet fables it to breathe fire and smoke. It is generally supposed that this extraordinary error arose from the extreme hardness of the teeth and tusks, which, in the gladiatorial combats above mentioned, caused the spears with which they were struck to emit sparks; while we can easily imagine that the laboured breath of the poor animal would ascend like smoke from his nostrils, when he was taken from his favourite element, and baited and worried to death in a crowded amphitheatre.

We have said that Herodotus is the earliest writer extant who mentions the hippopotamus by name, but there remains little doubt that the Behemoth of Job may be referred to this animal, whose habits are accurately and characteristically portrayed in the description given in the 40th chapter, which, after alluding to his great strength, and stating that 'he eateth grass like an ox,' proceeds, 'the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not,' &c.

The hippopotamus is peculiar to Africa, though it was supposed by an ancient writer to exist in the Indian rivers; and some more modern authors have believed that it is also found in Sumatra—an opinion which is unsupported by proof, while every negative evidence is opposed to it. It is not a little singular that small figures of it occur in the casts from the ancient tombs of Siberia, which are now in Paris; whence it is concluded that the worship of it had been by some means introduced into the north, though the animal was unknown to the inhabitants. We may, however, mention that fossil remains of four distinct species have been discovered in various parts of the old world, and it is possible that some of these fossil forms, like those of the mammoth, another huge pachyderm, may have been sufficiently preserved to give rise to the notion of the sculptor. The Egyptians certainly held it sacred, and in one district even revered it as a god; yet they scrupled not to make war against it, and to slay it—a practice which still exists among certain negro tribes who worship, and yet eat it; very justly regarding it as one of the most valuable products of their rivers, and in a great measure relying on it for their stock of animal food, yet at the same time holding it as a power whom it is necessary to propitiate, on account of the damage it sometimes does to their crops, trampling and destroying by its enormous weight that which it does not devour.

The flesh is described by Europeans as an excellent substitute for beef, while that of the young animal greatly resembles poor veal; the tongue, and the layer of fat which is found under the skin, are regarded as great delicacies; and the Dutch colonists of the Cape frequently exhibit a ludicrous eagerness to obtain the first offer of these comestibles from the natives. It is curious that the fat, which they call *see-koe-spek*—*sen-cow's* pork—is concentrated in this layer, while the remainder of the flesh is entirely lean; an arrangement which appears to be accounted for by the necessity of incubrating the skin, caused by its amphibious habits. Pliny recommends this fat as a cure for 'cold fevers,' and we believe that some medical virtue is still supposed to abound in it. In the year 1776, Sparrman brought a dried tongue of the hippopotamus, which measured

two feet eight inches in length, to Europe, and presented it as a rarity to the king of Sweden.

The teeth of the animal are also much valued, as, from their superior hardness, and from their not becoming yellow, they are preferred by dentists to the ivory of the elephant: these qualities apply not only to the canines, but also to the incisors. Nor are they without their superstitious uses: Pliny prescribes the teeth of the left jaw to be rubbed against the gum as a remedy for toothache; while the native Africans, believing them to be a charm against poison, form them into trinkets, which they suspend round their necks.

Nor is the hide without its economic value. Herodotus and Aristotle mention that it is so thick as to be formed into spear-handles. This was probably done by cutting it into narrow strips, and rolling each piece in such a manner that the edges were neatly placed together, and then suffering it to dry. Indeed staffs are still manufactured in this way by the native Africans, as are whips also, though these last are afterwards greased in order to render them pliable. The ancients, and probably some of the negro tribes, used that part of the skin which covers the spine for shields and helmets—a purpose for which its extraordinary thickness rendered it peculiarly appropriate.

The habits of the hippopotamus long remained a mystery to man; nor, indeed, are they yet accurately known. In some particulars Pliny appears to have been better informed than many of his successors; as, for instance, when he asserts that it feeds upon corn; while many modern naturalists, among whom was Buffon, looking to the analogy drawn from its amphibious existence, instead of to its structural anatomy, affirmed that it partly subsisted on fish—an idea which, though now wholly disproved, gave it a place among the animals allowed to be eaten in Lent. Not contented with giving it a fish diet, Poncet informs us that it carries off goats and sheep, and feeds upon them; Santos declares that they devour each other; and Lobo darkly hints that a human limb would not be rejected by these dangerous creatures. Then, again, Pliny says that there 'exists some kind of connection between the crocodile and the hippopotamus.' This was in course of time denied; and the two animals were supposed to maintain a constant state of warfare, in which great numbers of crocodiles were slain. Salt, Burckhardt, and a number of other credible witnesses, however, mention that these mighty river-giants constantly frequent the same pools, where they swim about and take their pastime in perfect indifference to one another.

Much uncertainty exists as to whether the hippopotamus ever voluntarily enters salt water; for though he has undoubtedly been found at the briny mouths of rivers, it is highly probable that this was merely an accidental occurrence. He certainly cannot drink salt water, and appears to have a great aversion to it; while but a very slight inference can be drawn from the fact of the head of a hippopotamus being found in the interior of a shark, as mentioned by Dampier. Some authors have endeavoured to set the question at rest by suggesting that the animal which resorts to the open sea may be a different species from that which is confined to the rivers; but this appears to be little more than hypothesis so far as relates to locality, though not, we believe, with regard to the difference of kind.\*

From all these uncertainties and mistakes, we turn with pleasure to the amiable and contented creature which arrived in the Regent's Park on the 25th of May last. This specimen was made a prisoner in the month of August 1849, on the island of Fobays-ch, in the White Nile, about 2000 miles above Cairo (on which account it has received the name of Fobays-ch); and from thence it was conveyed to Cairo, where it was

\* The conjecture that a second species of hippopotamus—for which Morton proposes the name of *H. minor*—should be established, is chiefly founded on difference of size and cranial formation.—*See Ann. Nat. Hist.*, xiv.—*Report of Ray Society*, 1847, &c.

placed by Abbas Pasha under the care of the Hon. Mr Murray, the British Charge d'Affaires. Here it excited much curiosity; for though the animal formerly abounded in Lower Egypt, it is now quite unknown there; and we believe the last living hippopotamus seen at Cairo was that mentioned by Thevenot, as being partially domesticated, in the middle of the seventeenth century. From Cairo, Fobays-ch was sent to England in the Ripon steamer, on board of which it had a comfortable berth, constructed for its especial accommodation, with a bath attached: this bath was filled every other day with 600 gallons of fresh water; while the allowance of food for the infant giant consisted daily of the milk of two cows and twelve goats, together with a reasonable proportion of Indian meal. When he reached England, he was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, 7 feet in length, and about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in girth, and was supposed to be about ten months old. When captured, he was about the height of a new-born calf, but much more bulky in his proportions. His bushy retreat in the island was discovered by the earnest endeavours made by his poor mother, who had been mortally wounded, to return to the place; and as soon as the young creature saw that his concealment was no longer safe, he attempted to rush into the river, and would, on account of the slippery nature of his skin, have succeeded, had not one of the men struck a boat-hook into his flank, and so secured him. It is interesting to observe how this account coincides with that given by Thunberg in the year 1795. The Hottentots, he says, shot the mother hippopotamus, and then left their hidingplace in order to catch the new-born calf alive: the creature, however, 'being wet and slippery, got away from them, and made the best of its way to the river, without having previously received any instruction from its mother either relative to the way it should take, or to this most natural means of saving itself.'

The extraordinary affection which Fobays-ch has formed for his Arab attendant is well known, and was of great service in obviating the difficulties of his various changes of conveyance. Professor Owen gives a pleasant description of the manner in which the keeper walked from the transport van into the Zoological Gardens, followed by the unwieldy creature, trotting along, and sniffing grotesquely at the bag of dates which was carried by Hamet, and with which it was duly rewarded on reaching its destination.

The same naturalist then proceeds to give such graphic sketches of its habits in captivity, that we can do no better than to transcribe such portions of them as our limits will allow. 'When I saw the hippopotamus,' he says, 'it was lying on its side on the straw, with its head resting against the chair on which its swarthy attendant sat. It now and then uttered a soft complacent grunt, and, lazily opening its thick smooth eyelids, leered at its keeper with a singular protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket, showing an unusual proportion of the white. . . . It had just left its bath, and a minute drop of a glistening secretion was exuding from each of the conspicuous muco-sebaceous pores. . . . This gave the hide, as it glistened in the sunshine, a very peculiar aspect. When the animal was younger, the secretion had a reddish colour; and, being poured out more abundantly, the whole surface became painted over with it every time he quitted the bath. . . . After lying quietly about an hour, now and then raising its head, and swivelling its eyeballs towards its keeper, or playfully opening its huge mouth, and threatening to bite the leg of the chair on which the keeper sat, the hippopotamus rose, and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh snort four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper understood the language, and told us the animal was expressing its desire to return to the bath.' The keeper then led the way, the animal 'following like a dog close to his heels. On arriving at the bath-room,

he descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity: sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for a while, it would suddenly rise with a bound, almost bodily out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging in a cetaceous or porpoise-like style, rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water, and spouting them out again, raising every now and then its huge grotesque head, and biting at the woodwork of the bath. . . . After half an hour spent in this amusement, it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it composes itself to sleep. When awake, it is very impatient of any absence of its favourite attendant, rises on its hind-legs, and threatens to break down the wooden fence by butting and pushing against it in a way strongly significative of its great muscular force.'

The whole of this narration proves the now acknowledged fact of the extreme docility and gentleness of the creature, which the older travellers delighted to represent as one of the most ferocious of wild beasts. Father Merolla talks of the houses in Congo being built upon statues ten feet high, with a ladder to draw up and down, to 'prevent the inhabitants from being injured by the sea-horses!' Andrew Battel, in his quaint old narrative, assures us that 'they are verie dangerous in the water, having great strength in the claws of their left forefoot.' Dampier affirms that he knew a man who had seen one of these animals open its jaws, seize a boat between its teeth, and sink it to the bottom; and Lobo says that it is equally dangerous with the crocodile. The animal is, however, in common with many calm and placid natures, very courageous; and if wounded, or otherwise irritated, he may become a formidable enemy, more especially when in the water.

The Africans have various modes of ensnaring the hippopotamus; a common plan being by means of pitfalls dug in the paths which they frequent. According to Hasselquist, the Egyptians and Hottentots throw large quantities of dried peas in his way, which he greedily devours, but which afterwards swell in such a manner as to destroy him. Sometimes he is lamed by means of iron spikes, when he falls an easy prey to his pursuers; or occasionally a poisoned dart is stuck into a heavy block of wood, which is suspended by a cord over the hippopotamus's haunts in such a manner that the feet of the animal catching in the cord, bring down the laden dart with unerring precision upon his back. The more usual method, however, is by shooting or harpooning him when in the water. Of the dangers and excitements of this sport, Sparrman gives some animated and amusing pictures; but the most extraordinary accounts are those of Mr Gordon Cumming, who talks of 'bagging' fifteen first-rate hippopotamuses as coolly as if they were so many snipes: he, however, destroys the interest of his tales by the cold-blooded and life-wasting tone which he throughout assumes.

The hippopotamus is not found in any of the African rivers which flow into the Mediterranean, except the Nile, to the upper part of which it is now confined. They usually, though not invariably, associate in large herds of from twenty to thirty; selecting deep and shady river pools for their retreats, and sleeping on the muddy shores, or in the little islands. When swimming, they seldom raise more of their heads out of the water than is necessary to procure air; and their nostrils are curiously furnished with valves, which can be spontaneously opened and shut, and which are in constant movement when the animal is in the water. The ears and eyes are very small, but the mouth is of great size, and opens to such an extent, that Ray supposed the

upper  
on the  
given  
whole  
colour  
is fu  
regul  
supp  
each  
gene  
very  
ralis  
nam  
gene  
betto  
thou  
pear  
voice  
the  
a ho  
derm  
rhino  
affin  
expe

CHIR  
sion,  
self-  
riads  
omni  
the  
inter  
that  
as al  
whole  
O)  
tials  
'Hon  
there  
quar  
Its e  
of th  
The  
pape  
noth  
guin  
suar  
to ou  
lisher  
the p  
and i  
page  
least  
the i  
back  
at P  
chief  
may  
of th  
chief  
that  
decre  
in re  
conte  
able  
tion  
the l  
proce  
Fi  
Yell  
Ocea



upper jaw to be capable of movement. Owen remarks on the upward curve of the corners of the lips, which gives such a comic and characteristic expression to the whole countenance. The body is of a dark dusky colour, and is almost destitute of hair; but the muzzle is furnished with short, stiff bristles, which project at regular distances. The legs are short and thick, and support the body only just clear of the ground; while each of the feet terminates in four spreading hoofs. The general outline of the animal would seem to connect it very closely with the hog, on which account some naturalists have suggested the propriety of changing its name to that of *cheropotamus*, or river-hog; but this name would not, in reality, convey any better notion of generic identity than the old-established, and therefore better recognised, one of *hippopotamus*, or river-horse; though the latter is by no means applicable to its appearance, nor, according to modern researches, to its voice, notwithstanding the assertion, that it received the name from the resemblance of its neigh to that of a horse. Belonging to the thick-skinned or *pachydermatous* order of animals, which includes the elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, horse, hog, &c. some points of generic affinity to each or all of them is only what might be expected by the scientific inquirer.

#### CELESTIAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHINA is so much an unknown land, a land of exclusion, that we think some gossiping news about the self-styled Celestial Empire and its 'black-haired myriads,' as the people are affectionately termed by their omnipresent, deified, and otherwise unrivalled emperor, the son of the Sun and Moon, will not be devoid of interest to our readers, especially when they consider that the country of which we speak is nearly as large as all Europe, and its population exceeds a third of the whole inhabitants of the globe.

Our informant as to the recent doings of the Celestials is a good-sized pamphlet, bearing the imprint 'Hong-Kong, 1850'—having, in fact, been published there only in March last, and thence traversed three-quarters of the globe, till it duly reached our table. Its externals are admirable, superior to any pamphlet of the kind we ever beheld even from our home press. The type is new, and beautifully impressed on India paper of admirable consistency—(lucky dogs! they get nothing but India-paper out there, while we pay our guinea extra for an engraving on a piece not two feet square)—and its whole 'getting up' does ample credit to our clever countryman Shortrede, who recently established the 'China Mail' in Hong-Kong. The author of the pamphlet is Mr Wade, assistant Chinese secretary; and he tells us that he has drawn his materials from the pages of the 'Pekin Gazette,' the only publication in the least resembling a newspaper that has ever existed in the immense empire of China, and whose origin is traced back to the tenth century of our era. It appears daily at Peking, and manuscript copies are forwarded to the chief functionaries throughout the empire. Its contents may briefly be said to be—a chronicle of the proceedings of the imperial family—elaborate memorials from the chief officers of government—upon almost every topic that can interest the welfare of a nation—and the decrees of the emperor, either of his own motion, or in reply to the memorials. Mr Wade has digested the contents of this Gazette for 1849, and gives some valuable reflections and observations on the present condition of the Chinese empire. But with the heavier portion of the work we shall not meddle; we merely gather the lighter pickings scattered through its pages, and present them in a connected form to our readers.

Firstly, there have been great floods in China. The Yellow River, and the Yangtee-kiang, or Son of the Ocean—the two enormous rivers which traverse the em-

pire from west to east—have burst their embankments, and inundated to a frightful extent the level country through which they flow, and which is the very garden of China. The rains have been falling for forty days, says a memorial recounting this second deluge, 'until the rivers, and the sea, and the lakes, and the streams, have joined in one sheet over the land for several hundred li,\* and there is no outlet by which the waters may retire.' In the province of Hu-pih alone, says a Franciscan missionary, a district 230 miles long by 80 broad—larger than all Scotland from John o' Groat's to the Border—was under water. In two of its larger cities the flood rose to the upper storeys of the highest houses, and the damage done in them amounts to between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 sterling. Wu-chang-fu, the capital of the province, 'fared no better;' while the smaller towns were utterly overwhelmed, ten thousand people destroyed, and 'domestic animals drowned in untold numbers;' crowds even of the first families were begging bread, and (horror of horrors to the pious Celestials!) coffins were floating about everywhere on the face of the waters. Altogether, the inundation exceeds in extent and devastation anything within the memory of the present generation.

The emperor and his court have done their utmost to alleviate the wide-spread distress. In some districts the half-year's taxes for 1848 were remitted; and in all gratuitous distributions of grain had been made from the public stores. Subscriptions for the sufferers were opened throughout the empire; and the amounts contributed, though not without some recompense from the state, are very creditable to the Celestials; while, as the revenue is short, a large sum has been raised for the same purpose by sales of rank, of which we shall say more anon. Many governors of provinces are desirous of hiding their incapacity to meet the emergency by resigning. 'Your servant,' says one styled Wu-wan-yung, in his address to the emperor, 'has set up altars in all places; and, followed by his subordinates, has gone hither and thither, sacrificing early and late, shedding bitter tears, and crying aloud for grief; but he has been unable to succour the afflicted.' If he had been building dikes and cutting drains it would have been more to the purpose, especially as all these are 'phrases of stereotyped perfection,' as Mr Wade says—nothing more. 'Shuddering and bewildered,' proceeds the luckless governor, and still speaking in the third person, 'at his meals he cannot swallow his food; during the night, as he hears the rain falling, he wanders about his dwelling. He knows not what measures to adopt, and beats his breast at his own incompetence.' This is all very fine, but we think the receipt of the vermilion pencil must have astonished him. The emperor, whose eyes seem to have been opened of late to the character of his *subs*, writes back that 'Wu-wan-yung's despatch is the extreme of stupidity, absurdity, and audacity! . . . He has had the sense only to accuse himself of a fault, but has not thought of discharging his duty to the utmost. If, whenever there were a season of difficulty, all those upon whom devolves the personal charge of our dominions were to act like Wu-wan-yung, what would become of the misery to which the myriads and tens of myriads of the black-haired race are exposed?' The luckless governor is then deprived of his button, but ordered to remain at his post, with the assurance, that if he is successful, he may yet in some degree atone for his transgression. 'But if it again appears,' says the emperor, 'that he does not know how to exert himself, and that his administration is, after all, so unsuccessful as to send the people wandering to the streams and ditches, his crime will of course be severely dealt with. When Our word has once gone forth, the law follows it; and We shall assuredly not allow the least mercy to be shown him. Tremble and attend! Respect this!'

The whole conduct of the emperor during this disas-

\* Three lis are equal to one English mile.

trous period exhibits his 'paternal' government in a very favourable light. It is a despotism certainly, but with far more checks than we generally believe; and the emperor almost never takes a step without first consulting the boards at Peking, one of which, the Censorate, is privileged to tell him his faults whenever they see occasion. All his decrees are very sensible productions, perfectly plain, and free from the bombast so common in the East. But he has a sad set of knaves and imbeciles to look after; indeed the government offices, from Peking to Thibet, are one vast hive of peculators. Of late years the embezzlement of the mandarins has occasioned a defalcation in the revenue; and the practice of supplying the deficit by sales of rank and office is increasing the evil, by placing incapable men in office. On an average of the last seven years, the money thus raised in Cheh-kiang has annually averaged upwards of L.95,000; while the whole pay of the civil and military officers of that province only amounts to L.100,000. Thus more than nine-tenths of its expenditure, exclusive of any public works, has been made up by riches unfairly reaping the rewards of talent. This system is a serious evil, and is always quoted as a chief one among those which have led to the fall of previous dynasties.

But the incapacity of the officials thus selected, woful as it is, is quite thrown into the shade by their corruption, by their unceasing traffic in bribes. Their sole science of government seems to be—to give bribes to all above them, and to receive bribes from all below them. Were there nothing else, the extraordinary rewards bestowed upon official integrity would hint the general prevalence of its opposite; but the Gazette for last year furnishes proofs 'plenty as blackberries.' Take one province and one excise department as a sample. In Shan-tung the salt-tax should yield a fixed revenue of L.40,000; but the arrears last year amount to nearly L.30,000, of which L.22,000 is the interest due on collections from 1844 to 1848. 'An inquiry, conducted by Ki-ying as high commissioner,' says Mr Wade, 'resulted in the arrest of the present governor of the province, four ex-governors, his predecessors, and eight ex-directors of the Gabelle, accused of collusion with the salt monopolists, and general abuse of their trust.'

... The commissioner of finance was also implicated. The governor of Shan-si was exiled in the early part of the year for the extortion of a relative of his own, and others in the province; but his misdeeds were so eclipsed by the rapacity of his successor, long notorious for his avarice, that he was recalled, and promoted. This is a pretty picture of peculation certainly: from the lowest to the highest, all seem engaged in a nefarious struggle to better themselves at the public expense. But instances might be endlessly multiplied; and in one of his decrees the emperor even threatens to send his lords of the Treasury 'to the Board of Punishments, who will make strict inquiry, and upon proof of the facts, award the proper penalties.' ... Governors-general and governors guilty of previous connivance at, or subsequent suppression of, such acts, shall be treated with the utmost rigour.' What should we think of a state of matters here in which it was thought even possible for Lord John Russell and his colleagues to be pilfering from the Mint and the Treasury? In China not even a transit of government goods from one quarter to another can take place without those in charge making the most of their opportunity. Thus we learn that the supply of copper for the mint, despatched in 1847-8 from Yun-nan in the south-west, had not reached Peking by the end of 1849, in spite of numberless and reiterated reports that it was close at hand. The real cause of the delay is said to be the avarice of the officials in charge, who are engaged in laying fees upon such private boats as they meet or overtake, upon the pretext that they are obstructing the way of the government vessels. Indeed so national is this predilection for dishonesty and fraud, that an imperial proclamation offering a reward almost always closes with the assurance that

government will keep faith—that it will not 'eat its words;' and the issue of licenses, or the payment of a sum, is guaranteed to take place in open court, 'to prevent any extortion on the part of the clerks or runners.' Even their legal code is framed on the supposition that fraud is universal, and must be tolerated. And on a nobleman being recently deprived of his rank for his connection with a forgery, the edict had to ground the sentence on his want of self-respect, shown by his keeping low company, for the money which he had fraudulently obtained did not amount to what the statute declares requisite as a ground of arraignment.

A new emperor has succeeded to the throne since this year began; but the notices we have of the late monarch, if not very valuable to the historian, have some interest for the general reader. The Gazette, as we have said, chronicles his actions most minutely; and in a country so astoundingly consistent and conservative as China, it sounds not a little strange to hear that the emperor 'turns his coat' every year. The fact is, even in China, even for his Celestial Highness, the seasons will not stop changing, and like a sensible man, he changes his garments with them. The first announcement in the Gazette for 1849 was, that he had put on his doublet with the right side out—which means that the fur lining was exposed, instead of being worn next the body, as when the weather is at the coldest. This 'turned coat' again he by and by changes for a cloth doublet and robe with white fur sleeves, wearing a cap of the skin of an unborn lamb; next a cloth cap and cuffs of white; then a robe of double cloth; then of single cloth; then of crape—first of a close, then of an open texture; and so on, until the cold of winter forces him to betake himself once more to furs and sheepskin. In this way he undergoes some twenty transitions between February and November. His birthday and New Year are, ceremonially speaking, his busiest times. At those periods the Board of Ceremonies advise him daily of the requirements of the Code; and from day to day he figs in a ceaseless round of banquetings, thanksgivings, and sacrifices—even his nights being sometimes spent in a temple. Verily no light weight is the weight of a crown!

As in most other despotic governments, where talent is imperatively required at the head of affairs, the succession to the throne in China is not restricted to the eldest son; and of this the late sovereign, Tao-kwang, was an example. When the Emperor Kia-king was at the point of death in 1820, he asked his imperial consort which of his sons he should choose as his successor. Her own son was then a youth of fifteen; but with much wisdom, and rare disinterestedness, she advised him to appoint Tao-kwang, his son by a former empress, who was then in the prime of life, being about thirty-seven. Moreover, in Kia-king's will, he is said to have merited this preference by preserving his father's life in 1813, when attacked in his palace by assassins of the White Lily faction, two of whom were killed on the spot by the son of his choice. Out of grateful esteem, no less than as a public example of filial obedience, Tao-kwang used to visit the empress-dowager twice or thrice every month, up to the day of her death. This event took place on the 23d of January last, in her seventy-fourth year; and a general mourning for her was ordained, to last a hundred days, although her will, quoted in the Gazette, desired that it should be limited to twenty-seven. It is not a little remarkable that the intelligence of her death reached Canton within a day of the news of the death of our own queen-dowager; and there is a no less remarkable coincidence in the request of both these royal ladies—that all superfluous posthumous honours should be dispensed with. Those two days must have been memorable ones in the annals of Canton, for the death of a third crowned head was announced at the same time. The same despatches that published the death of the empress-dowager reported that the career of Tao-kwang, or the Lustre of Reason, was also at an end, and that his fourth son had

success  
may be  
of the  
to ens  
an ad  
existe  
comin  
withi  
his "  
the p  
cessit  
to fea  
her fr

A  
itself,  
tive c  
stitut  
a wom  
to his  
what  
defen  
simila  
form  
court  
her li  
her h  
to th  
tion  
itself  
as one  
China  
over  
or go  
provi  
jects  
who n  
mon  
last  
where  
as a  
not b

We  
which  
years  
upon  
prese  
no lo  
says  
of the  
in the  
wild,  
kind  
empi  
cours  
able  
the p  
impor  
and  
prese  
much  
sourc  
has n  
prob  
will  
an ex  
at ho  
howe  
in soc  
make  
evil  
peopl  
Out

\* We  
name,  
emper  
styled  
his pe

succeeded him, entitling his period\* Chang-hing, which may be rendered *Ever Fortunate*. There are no rumours of the internal convulsions predicted by many as certain to ensue upon his decease; and the present family has an additional safeguard in the interest now taken in its existence by England and the United States, whose commerce with China would be jeopardised by anarchy within it, or by hostility from without. 'And unless his "Southron Boors," as their fellow-countrymen term the people of Canton, entail upon Great Britain the necessity of chastising them, the emperor has less ground to fear her hostility than he has reason to reckon upon her friendly mediation or interference.'

A paragraph in last year's Gazette, trivial enough in itself, is nevertheless well worthy of notice, as illustrative of the most remarkable feature in the national institutions of China. It is a capital sentence passed upon a woman for her father-in-law's suicide, which is ascribed to his shame at having received a blow from her in what every Englishman would say was a justifiable self-defence! The emperor reverses the sentence, though similar acts of mercy are recorded as extraordinary, and form no precedent for the guidance of the provincial courts: even here, although the prisoner escapes with her life, she is condemned to perpetual separation from her husband. This erroneous severity is to be ascribed to the circumstance, that in China the parental relation takes precedence of every other. The government itself is based upon this principle; the nation is regarded as one large family, and is avowedly ruled accordingly. A Chinese head of a family has an almost unlimited power over the lives and fortunes of his household; a magistrate or governor is regarded as the father of his district or province; while the emperor styles his 360,000,000 subjects his 'children.' We think it is Sir John Davis who relates that a parricidal crime of more than common heinousness having been committed during the last reign, the emperor commanded that the village where it was perpetrated should be razed to the ground, as a national example, and in order that the earth might not be polluted by the scene of so much impiety.

We learn also that the contraband opium trade, about which we and China went to loggerheads some ten years ago, if not about to be legalised, is at least looked upon with less aversion. The ministers have given up presenting memorials for its stoppage, and the emperor no longer fulminates against its iniquity; and report says that the poppy is now extensively grown in some of the provinces. The hilly, sandy district of Kan-suh in the north-west, where the poppy at present grows wild, is said to produce the mildest and best-flavoured kind; and as this province, though the largest in the empire, is of little value in its present state, it is of course a most suitable field for the growth of this valuable but deleterious plant. Such a home cultivation of the poppy would of course soon put an end to foreign importations of opium, by rendering them superfluous; and thus the Chinese ministers would escape from the present drain on their bullion, which causes them so much uneasiness, and would, moreover, acquire a new source of taxation. As Mr Wade informs us that opium has now become 'an almost national requirement,' it is probable either that the foreign importation of the drug will be legalised upon payment of a fixed duty, or that an extensive cultivation of the poppy will be permitted at home. One serious objection to the latter course, however, is, that already, it is reported, the natives are in some parts displacing their grain and rice crops to make room for this useless but more valuable plant—an evil of the most dangerous kind in a country so densely peopled as China.

Our opium war with the Celestial Empire was a most

lamentable affair for the mandarins. Want of success is regarded in China in much the same light as want of capacity; and Commissioner Lin (whose name is doubtless still familiar to our readers) was not the only 'buttoned' man who emerged with withered laurels from the strife. Poor Lin! After being accorded in 1838 the rare privilege of riding on horseback within the precincts of the imperial palace, he was, a few months afterwards, despatched as high commissioner to Canton, to put down the opium trade, and bring the foreigners to their senses. Lin forthwith, with exuberant energy, drove the English to their ships, and got their smashing broadsides for his pains. His good intentions availed him nothing with the imperial court, and he was immediately superseded and recalled to Peking, to be tried for his life; but he escaped with banishment to Ili—a district somewhere between the deserts of Cobi and those of the Caspian Sea. Soon after, however, he 'recovered his complexion,' as the Gazette phrases it, was replaced in office, and in 1842 came an announcement of his death. Forthwith an imperial decree appeared, as usual, raising the defunct to the skies, ordaining him a pall of honour, a libation to be poured out by two princes, L.500 for his funeral, and a place in the imperial cemetery. This very complimentary document, however, turned out to be a forgery (though a mystery still hangs over its origin), and his death a fabrication or mistake; and Lin went on prospering in office, but declining in health, till last year, when, quite worn out, and after frequently soliciting his dismissal from office, the Gazette at length made known his majesty's pleasure that 'Lin-tshih-sü, governor-general of Yun-nan and Kwei-chau, should return home and tend himself.' He has been forty-six years in the service of his country, and enjoys the rare distinction of being free from all charge of corruption.

Lin's successor in office at Canton, Ki-shen, fared no better. He was sent in chains to Peking, deprived of his rank of earl, had his vast estates confiscated, and was banished like his predecessor to Ili. Recommencing public life in the far west as assistant resident in Yarkand, he thence obtained office in Thibet, and finally worked his way back again into China Proper as governor on its south-western frontier. In the spring of last year we find him accusing himself in a memorial to the emperor, and begging to be punished for the rather whimsical fault of sentencing a man to simple strangulation when he should have been beheaded! The latter death being reckoned the severer punishment in China. Soon afterwards the Gazette shows him exerting all his military and diplomatic abilities in arresting the inroads of the Ye Fan, or 'Wild Strangers,' who were invading his province from the south. Who this nation of Ye Fan are we cannot exactly say, but they seem to have thrice crossed the Celestial borders during the past year. On the first of these occasions they are said to have been 'soothed' by Lin; but the brunt of the business seems to have fallen on Ki-shen, who was rewarded with a button of the first class for his success. The chief of the Ye Fan at length made tender of his allegiance, which it was deemed expedient to accept; and on the recommendation of Ki-shen, he was presented with a peacock's feather, and invested with the hereditary government of his tribe. We wonder what the savage thought of the emperor's munificence, and what he made of his gift. As a suitable ending to this 'soothing' and presentation of feathers, we are informed that Ki-shen, having ascribed his success to the intervention of two spirits, to whom he had repeatedly sacrificed during his expedition, 'the emperor decreed them a tablet a-piece, with an appropriate inscription!'

The only affairs of moment to European powers last year were the destruction of two pirate fleets by our vessels of war (for which, by the by, we got little thanks from the Chinese government), and the murder of the Portuguese governor of Macao. This horrible affair made a great sensation at Canton, and spread an excitement even in Europe. Senhor Amaral, an officer of known personal courage and resolution, assumed the

\* When a Chinese emperor ascends the throne, he adopts a surname, which gives a title to his reign. Thus the name of the late emperor was at first Ming; but when he mounted the throne he styled himself Tao-kwang, or the Lustre of Reason, by which title his period is known.



governorship of Macao in 1846, since which time his energy and firmness have been a remarkable contrast to the feebleness of former governors. A mutinous disturbance among the Chinese in Macao, upon whom he had imposed a new tax, was put down with the strong hand; and he warned the petty officials at that port that they must thenceforward desist from claiming a share of the jurisdiction there, and strictly forbade any show of such authority by the sounding of gongs or the like. All this gave great offence to the Chinese; denunciatory placards were posted in Canton, and rewards are even said to have been offered for the governor's head. Amaral himself made light of his danger; but on the evening of 22d August last he was assassinated by a party of seven natives, who made their escape, carrying with them his head and one hand. Immediately upon intelligence of this horrible affair, the whole foreign ministers addressed the governor of Canton on the subject, the Portuguese council in plain terms charging him with having countenanced the murder. Governor Su was in no haste to make inquiries or reparation, and sought to give the affair the go-by. After repeated representations on the subject, however, the Chinese authorities announced that they had discovered Senhor Amaral's head and hand, but refused to surrender them until three native soldiers, then detained as witnesses at Macao, were released. One man was at length executed as principal in the murder, and others were imprisoned; but Governor Su's conduct gave rise to a host of conjectures; and the whole truth of the matter will probably continue unknown to us. 'Many who were firmly persuaded a short time since,' says Mr Wade, 'that Su had promoted the chief assassin to high official rank, are now disposed to accuse him of sacrificing his agent to hush the clamour of the European legations.'

We conclude our budget by a brief notice of the two statesmen who at present, and for some years to come, are likely to exercise a paramount influence on our relations with China. These are Su and Ki-ying. The former of these, the present governor of Canton, who figures so unfavourably in the tragedy related above, is said to be less courteous in his manners, but not inferior in dignity, to Ki-ying, who was his predecessor at Canton; 'but his countenance has not the same wily expression as the Tartar's—it rather betokens a supreme indifference for all around him, without, however, any hauteur or arrogant pretension. Report speaks him a cold voluptuary, inattentive to business, and of a somewhat sanguinary disposition. It would be hard to decide,' adds Mr Wade, 'which of the two were the more honest politician'—of course meaning *dishonest*. Although we are entitled, by treaty, to free ingress into the city of Canton, Su, backed by the influential men of the province, still manages to keep us out; and as we are not inclined to go to war for a trifle, our present quiescence under injustice will doubtless be represented by him as a glorious triumph of his diplomacy, and perhaps win for him a double-eyed peacock's feather from the emperor. Su is less vacillating and less ready to make promises than Ki-ying; but then he has never been in as great dilemmas, and has not yet been made to feel the prowess of the 'foreigners.'

Su is a Chinese, but Ki-ying is a Tartar, and he seems to be one of the ablest statesmen in the empire. As High Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, he concluded with us the treaty of Nankin; and in the spring of 1848 he resigned his governorship of Canton, and was presented with a double-eyed peacock's feather, 'as a reward for the progress his late government had made in the arts of peace.' From the incessant audiences granted him by the emperor, and duly chronicled in the *Gazette*, it is evident that Ki-ying holds the highest place in the imperial favour. He is now one of the four chief secretaries of state (two of whom are Tartars, and two Chinese), and the second Tartar in the ministry; and as he is not yet sixty years of age, he will probably succeed Muh-chang-ah, the present premier, who must be well stricken in years. It is not likely that the

policy of China will become suddenly aggressive; but in the event of any rupture with foreign powers, Mr Wade says that 'concession, as conducive to peace, will be pretty certain to find an advocate in Ki-ying.'

Mr Wade speculates a little—for China is so large and so little known, that one can only speculate—as to the present condition of the Celestial Empire; and he comes to the conclusion that there are 'no signs of its immediate dissolution.' So we should think. An empire that has stood immovable through forty centuries is not likely to break up in a day; we should as soon expect a simoom to sweep away the Pyramids. Turkey might be a warning to all croakers about the fall of empires. For the last two hundred years it has been the fashion of writers to proclaim its approaching destruction, yet there it still stands, giving the lie to their predictions.

#### THOMAS MOORE.

'I CANNOT help thinking that it is possible to love one's country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that the Irish was the language spoken in Paradise—that our ancestors were kind enough to polish the Greek—or that Avaris, the hyperborean, was a native of Ireland.' It is to Thomas Moore, who thus frankly and truly speaks, that Ireland is indebted for at least the beginning of the association of her name with elegant literature. He has been the defender of her political and religious liberties; he has sympathised with her wrongs, and pleaded indignantly against her oppression; he has held up her claims to equitable treatment, veiled her foibles and vices, and inseparably connected her in the imagination with all that is graceful in music and song.

Thomas Moore was born on the 28th of May 1780. Genius, the French say, is especially plebeian, and the poet was no exception to the rule. His father was Garret Moore, a respectable tradesman in Dublin, gifted with plain good sense, and possessing some acquirements. Nothing is recorded worthy of notice in regard to Moore's childhood; none of those precocious evidences of talent that have so frequently disappointed expectation. He was placed at school with a Mr Whyte in Grafton Street, Dublin, where he made such satisfactory progress, that his father thought he was justified in transplanting him at fourteen to Trinity College. There, although in the midst of much unblushing obsequiousness to authority of any and every kind, young Moore acquired and cherished that independence of feeling which ever afterwards distinguished him. He was remarkable, likewise, from his earlier years for his social temper, and distinguished for his conversational talents and ready wit, at a time when the principles he professed were regarded with an evil eye by the political party that ruled Ireland under a system destitute of all principle.

At that time, about the close of the century, there was a spirit of conviviality abroad in Dublin, which was shared by many persons of talent. In their amusements they exhibited no small fertility of invention, if all their countryman, Sir Jonah Barrington, has written about them is to be credited. There is a small island, or rather rock, on the south side of the bay of Dublin called Dalkey Island, lying off a town of the same name on the main. A number of frolicsome spirits, and among them Curran the Irish master of the rolls, suggested an annual visit to this island, and the coronation of a monarch of the fête, to be called the King of Dalkey, together with the attendant officers of a mock court. The day was always humorously announced in the 'Dublin Morning Post.' Various regal ceremonies were performed, guns were fired, a mock-heroic speech delivered from the throne, and the new monarch anointed by pouring a beaker of whisky upon his head. Petitions and complaints accumulated during the preceding year were heard and answered, an archbishop preached a courtly sermon, a laureate ode was recited, and a dinner on the rocks concluded the business of the

day.  
There  
the tow  
last con  
lion br  
punish  
teenth  
The li  
record

Thus y  
cal sati  
been di  
of cons  
pass ur  
self 'ki  
ministe  
official  
of the r  
' You  
dom of  
' I an  
' Pra  
' I an  
' And  
' Chi  
' Wh  
' I an  
duty fro  
' How  
' Of  
no furth  
Ther  
Thoma  
Trinity  
an offe  
collegia  
take an  
covery;  
each an  
had wr  
written  
that th  
treason  
equally  
to some  
collegia  
selves d  
way or  
nature  
fifty we  
was on  
objecte

day. Some of the proceedings were very humorous. There was a Lord Minikin, dignified as lieutenant of the town; and a periwinkle order of knighthood. The last coronation took place in 1797, just before the rebellion broke out, when such proceedings might have been punished as treasonable. Moore was then in his seventeenth year, and contributed the last laureate ode. The lines not being in his works, may be worthy of record here:—

'Hail, happy Dalkey! Queen of isles,  
Where justice reigns and freedom smiles!  
In Dalkey, justice holds her state  
Unaided by the prison-gate:  
No subjects of King Stephen lie  
In loathsome cells, they know not why;  
Health, peace, good-humour in music's soft strains,  
Invite and unite us on Dalkey's wide plains.

No flimsy bailiff enters here—  
No trading justice dare appear—  
No soldier asks his comrade whether  
The sheriff has yet cleaned his feather;  
Our soldiers here deserve the name,  
Nor wear a feather they don't pluck from fame!

How much unlike those wretched realms  
Where wicked statesmen guide the helms!  
Here no first-rate merchants breaking;  
Here no first-rate vessels taking;  
Here no shameful peace is making;  
Here we snap no apt occasion  
On pretences of invasion;  
Here informers get no pensions  
To repay their foul inventions;  
Here no secret, dark committee  
Spreads corruption through the city.  
No placemen nor pensioners here are haranguing,  
No soldiers are shooting, no seamen are hanging;  
No mutiny reigns in the army or fleet,  
For our orders are just, our commanders discreet!"

Thus young did the poet exhibit that spirit of political satire for which during his subsequent career he has been distinguished. Lord Clare, the zealous supporter of constructive sedition in the sister island, could not pass unnoticed the presumption of any one calling himself 'king,' even of a rock. He kept the eyes of a true minister of police upon Dalkey, and at last, full of official dread of something like treason, he sent for one of the mock court. The dialogue was excellent:—

'You, sir, are, I understand, connected with this kingdom of Dalkey?'

'I am, my lord.'

'Pray, may I ask how you are recognised?'

'I am Duke of Muglins.'

'And what post may you hold?'

'Chief commissioner of revenue.'

'What are your emoluments?'

'I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads duty free.'

'How?—hogsheads of what?'

'Of salt-water, my lord!' The lord chancellor made no further inquiry about Dalkey.

There is another anecdote of Lord Clare with which Thomas Moore was connected. Moore was then at Trinity College. The lord chancellor hearing that an offensive paper had been circulated among the collegians, insisted that they and their officers should take an inquisitorial oath, called 'an oath of discovery;' or, in other words, should swear before him, each and all of them, that they did not know who had written the document, and that they had not written the seditious paper themselves; and further, that they did not know of any disaffected persons or treasonable societies in the university. Such an oath, equally against law and reason, was a mild proceeding to some others taken about that time. Many of the collegians were ready to swear that they were not themselves disaffected persons; others would not swear one way or the other, insisting upon the unconstitutional nature of such a requirement. On thus objecting, fifty were marked out for expulsion. Thomas Moore was one of the first who refused to be sworn. He objected until the scene became ludicrous. He shook

his head at the book which they wanted to thrust upon him, and put his hand behind his back; they then tried to put it into his left hand, and he placed that where his right was. They still pressed the book upon him, and he retreated backward until the wall of the room forbade his retreating farther. On the following day the chancellor, probably feeling he had presumed too far, modified the oath, and Moore consented to swear that he knew of no treasonable practices or societies within the walls of the university. This conduct exhibited remarkable firmness in a lad of sixteen. His acuteness, and his progress in classical acquirements at the college, are yet remembered by some of his contemporaries.

In 1799 Moore quitted Ireland for London, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, being in his nineteenth year. In place of studying the law, however, he employed himself in translating the Odes of Anacreon. He was at this time a mere boy in appearance, and his translation obtained for him the name of 'Anacreon Moore.' The 'Anacreon' is a fluent and pleasing, rather than a close translation. The Greek of 'Anacreon,' at all times too condensed for a modern tongue, has always been paraphrased rather than translated—by Cowley and Hawkes, for example—in English, none approaching the brevity of the original. Not only did Moore shine as a translator at this time, but also as a wit, a 'failing' fatal to the due consideration demanded by Coke and Littleton. His powers in this respect are on record by one who was both himself a wit, and the cause of wit in others. Sheridan highly praised his brilliant conversational powers, and declared there was 'no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Thomas Moore.'

Soon after this period Moore was destined to exchange the gay life of London for a very different scene: the congenial circle composed of the gay, and thoughtless, and frivolous, as well as of the learned and wise, for the contemplation of nature in her grandeur, and society of a very mediocre description. In 1803 he was appointed vice-registrar of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda; but what signified the fine climate and the majestic rocks, the storms and calms of such a region as the Bermudas, to one who liked much better 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall?' Moore foolishly confided the duties of his office to another, who, acting as his deputy, became a defaulter, and he was obliged to make good the loss, suffering great pecuniary inconvenience in consequence. He went from the Bermudas to the United States; but it is not probable that the manners of the American people, in a much earlier period of their republic than the present, would be seen by one like him in a better point of view than the social life of Bermuda. He remained at New York only a few days; and visiting several of the other principal places of the Union, then very inferior in all respects to what they have become since, he returned to England in 1804. His impressions upon this visit are found in his 'Odes and Epistles,' published about two years afterwards. These were, as might be expected, not very favourable to the American character. The poet had no doubt drawn in idea a picture far too flattering of the social state of America. He had thought of ancient republics realised in the new world; of primitive simplicity of manners in a modern Arcadia; and of a species of 'golden age,' where freedom and Grecian high-mindedness were associated with modern comfort.

Soon after his return, he published his two poems entitled 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance.' The former was a political satire, in which he boasted that he leaned to neither of the two great state parties, both having been alike unjust to his country. The lines upon Intolerance were intended as part of a series of essays which he never continued beyond them. In 1808 he published poems by Thomas Little, Esq., unhappily of a very exceptionable character. He subsequently expressed his regret that he had sent this volume into the world—the merit of which, as poetry, in no way redeemed the immorality.

Smoothly written, however, elegantly pointed, and artificially, not naturally passionate, it fitted so well the trifling taste of the age, that it went through eleven editions in five years. 'A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin,' and 'M.P., or the Blue Stocking,' were his next publications. This last was a comic opera in three acts, performed at the Lyceum Theatre in 1811. The poetry and music were characterised in the journals of those days as delightful, but the opera itself as being neither new nor interesting. It was said to be the production of a 'Mr Moore, an Irish gentleman, who had published some sonnets and songs,' the 'spirit of which transcends Ovid as to excitement, and even the *Basia Secundi* as to the force of descriptive expression.' Thus it would seem that the translation of Anacreon had been already forgotten, and that the fame of the poet depended wholly on what he had written subsequently. In the following year (1812) he surprised the world with the 'Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag.' These met universal applause, and speedily ran through thirteen editions. The satire was playful, pungent, polished, and while insinuating everything intended, said nothing rude or vulgar to shock the ears of fastidious fashion.

The next work of Moore was of a higher character—the 'Irish Melodies,' written at Mayfield or Mathfield in Staffordshire. These are too well appreciated by all who feel the charms of music and song, and, above all, by the poet's countrymen, to need criticism. He was perhaps the only poet among all his contemporaries who understood music, and was able to set his own songs. He had therefore peculiar advantages for undertaking such a work, although the present airs were arranged by Sir John Stevenson. Moore was not only a composer, but played and sung with great taste, and his voice was remarkably soft and pleasing. He translated at this time a portion of *Sallust* for Murphy, and edited the work soon after the death of that author. The 'Sceptic,' an odd theme for the erratic muse of Moore, and a performance not very edifying either in its ethics or rhyme, was next published.

'*Lalla Rookh*,' an Oriental romance, appeared in 1817. For this poem Moore received three thousand guineas. It was read universally, and translated into several European languages. Though an Eastern tale, it has none of the verisimilitude of 'Vathek' as respects Eastern manners and objects. It is in this respect for the most part wholly poetical, and is indebted to the richness of the author's fancy for its attractions, as he has seized insulated objects belonging to Eastern climes and manners, and strung them in his own way rather than in their natural associations. The poem has no lofty Miltonic flights—no hall of Eblis reaching the height of the sublime—but it is calculated to suit the taste of every order of mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, alike comprehend its luxurious imagery, sweet passages, fascinating descriptions, and gorgeous voluptuousness: hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. The gliding and carmine, the glare and riches, lavished upon a feeble structure of story, are not at first seen to be misplaced. The numbers flow harmoniously, and there is no surfeit from the perfumes that are presented to the senses. Those who have hearts for the deeper things of humanity, whose enjoyments come not from external colour, Orient hues, and Tyrian purple, will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions. '*Lalla Rookh*' is too merely sensuous for such as seek their pleasure in natural things.

'The Fudge Family in Paris' appeared in 1818, purporting to be letters in verse written by Thomas Brown the Younger. Mr Fudge, the author has hinted, was one of those 'gentlemen' whom the Lord Castlereagh of that day delighted to honour with pensions for certain offices which individuals with clean hands scorned to perform. The letters are full of political allusions, but with interest generally of a temporary character.

'Sacred and National Songs and Ballads,' 'Tom Crib's

Memorial to Congress,' 'Trifles Reprinted in Verse,' and 'The Loves of the Angels,' next appeared. 'The Loves of the Angels' was written at the moment when Byron was about to publish his beautiful drama on the same subject; but in 'Cain' there is an intensity of feeling which in Moore's poems is looked for in vain. 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'Evenings in Greece,' 'Memoirs of Captain Rock,' in prose, 'The Epicurean,' a 'Life of Sheridan,' one of Byron, and it is said 'A Letter from a Young Man in Search of a Religion,' have all proceeded from his fertile pen. Moore's prose works, however, have not added to his literary reputation.

The poet married Miss Dyke, a lady of beauty and accomplishments, by whom he had several children, who are now dead. He resided at one period in a retired cottage at Mathfield or Mayfield, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, two miles from Ashbourne in Derbyshire. His habitation was truly a cottage, squarely built, having an orchard on one side, and trelliswork around the door. His small library was in a room on one side, and from thence he dated No. 6 of the 'Irish Melodies' in 1815. Here he was only a mile from Oberon Hall, and but three miles from Wootton, where Rousseau lived for some time, nor far from the noble woods of Ilam and the entrance to Dovedale, renowned for the visits of Isaac Walton. Latterly, his residence has been at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, Wilts. It is not so picturesque as his Staffordshire retreat, but more convenient. It is within a short distance of Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and not a great way from Bremhill parsonage, the residence of the late Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a brother poet. There are two doors in front of the cottage, which is very plain; both are surrounded with trelliswork, and the whole covered with flowering shrubs. As a host, Moore was hospitable, lively, and attentive to his guests: the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' ever accompanying the grosser entertainment. He was always full of animation, easy, and cordial, but in person so diminutive, that the Prince of Wales (George IV.) is said to have hinted in his own presence that a wine-cooler would make an appropriate habitation for the Bacchanalian poet.

Moore's acquaintance with Byron commenced in an odd way. The latter had turned into ridicule, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the bloodless duel between Moore and Jeffrey, in the lines—

'When Little's leadless pistols met his eye,  
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.'

Moore's Milesian blood was immediately up; and he addressed a letter on the subject to the noble poet, which (Byron being abroad at the time) did not reach him for a year and a-half. When Byron at length received the missive, he wrote a candid, manly reply, assuring Moore that he would find him ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which should not compromise his honour. This led to a meeting at Rogers's, when four poets—Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Byron—sat down together to a friendly dinner.

A singular circumstance in relation to Byron occurred in the life of Moore. There were certain memoirs of the noble poet written by himself, and placed in Moore's hands as a legacy for his sole benefit. Moore, at the desire of his friend, lodged the manuscript with Mr Murray the bookseller, as a security for the sum of two thousand guineas. 'Believing,' said Moore, 'that the manuscript was still mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with me in opinion, and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes, and I immediately paid to Mr Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand

guineas  
owed I  
family  
Moore  
Moore's  
It was  
decar  
course  
unconn  
and if  
sanctio  
cluded  
friend's  
ferent a  
'There  
scandal  
book.'  
almost  
very lo  
prove a  
irregul  
quences  
not, and  
In the  
in Dubl  
and the  
and left  
tive lan  
replied  
much a  
passage  
a toast,  
lows:—  
to your  
genius  
ing wor  
fine fan  
to dwell  
lated, a  
volcanic  
tion of  
you Sco  
tation o  
summer  
the sout  
like frui  
gathered  
Rogers,  
of memo  
Southey  
Roderic  
in any l  
Campbe  
our own  
—made  
puerilit  
pool of  
mighty  
refuse?  
galvanic  
motion,  
pable of  
Moore  
residing  
with m  
most of  
A dinne  
men on  
attended  
facility  
public o  
delivered  
especially  
objects.  
Moore  
belongs  
tained, h  
of a few



guineas, with interest, &c. being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond,' &c. The family of Byron proposed an arrangement by which Moore might be reimbursed; but this he declined. Moore's conduct was applauded by many, but not by all. It was pointed out that there was a duty owing to the deceased poet, which had been neglected. The proper course to have taken was for persons of judgment, totally unconnected with the parties, to have read the papers, and if there were anything seriously objectionable, to sanction their destruction. Byron seems to have concluded that the papers would be in safe custody in a friend's hands; and farther, he had declared he was indifferent about all the world knowing what they contained. 'There were few licentious adventures of his own, or scandalous anecdotes that would affect others, in the book.' 'It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women.'

In the year 1818 a public dinner was given to Moore in Dublin. The Earl of Charlemont was in the chair, and the poet and his venerable father sat on his right and left hand. The poet was welcomed to his native land with the most flattering acclamations. He replied in a very eloquent but short speech, being much affected by the scene around him. One of the passages in his speech on 'The poet' being given as a toast, will explain his manner, and it ran as follows:—'Can I name to you Byron without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy to wandering among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and like the chestnut-tree, that grows best on volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south, whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—one scarce is gathered ere another grows? Shall I recall to you Rogers, who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable tablets there? Southey (not the laureate) but the author of "Don Roderick," one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? Campbell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfail" is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallised by the touch of genius—made immortal? Wordsworth, a poet even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great whirlpool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? I could enumerate still more,' &c.

Moore visited Paris with his family in 1822, and residing there for some weeks, became acquainted with many of the literary characters of that capital, most of whom have been since taken away by death. A dinner was given to him by some of his countrymen on this occasion, which was very numerously attended, and which he addressed with his accustomed facility and figurativeness of expression. On numerous public occasions in the British metropolis he has also delivered speeches of more than ordinary eloquence, especially where they have been connected with literary objects.

Moore, however, is merely the poet of society: he belongs to artificial life. Incapable of a flight long sustained, his poetical talents are best displayed in poems of a few pages, or even of a few stanzas. He is evi-

dently the bard of the town circles—lively, witty, flattering, and brilliant. Nothing can be further in idea from a Highland solitude, a dashing brook, or the aspect of a sere wood in autumn, than the poetry of Moore. His songs are not full of natural truth, like those of Burns, nor elevating, nor passionate, after nature's simple guise. He makes love in the drawing-room. His heroines are all town ladies, dressed by the court tire-women in the newest mode from Madame Deville's. They are opera-haunters, ballet-dancers, and figurantes. In satire his excellence consists in hitting—as a pugilist would say—the vanities, ignorance, and vulgarisms of high life, and the inanities of great personages. Like the vain regent's own sword, Moore's sallies flash upon the vision, and wound while they playfully wave in mere show of warfare. Contempt was never so gracefully concealed under one of Stultz's best-cut garments. George IV. was painfully alive to it; and Moore, who was at one time the visitor of the Prince of Wales, did not spare him when he became regent, and turned his back on the Whigs. It is said that when he was first introduced to the Prince of Wales, the latter asked him if he was the son of Dr Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' when Moore replied, 'No, sir; I am the son of a grocer in Dublin.'

It is no small merit to have contributed so much as he has done to the stock of human enjoyment. A distinguished individual in society said he could not tell how to express his gratitude to Scott for the delightful forgetfulness of his ailments which 'Waverley' had caused, while perusing that work upon a sick-bed. Something similar may be said of the works of Moore, whether serious or witty; in which latter style he has not been approached since the days of Sheridan and Wolcot, although he resembles neither of those his contemporaries in early life. This gifted person has now completed his seventieth year, and the state of his health seems to announce that he has reached the last term of life. There has been much controversy as to the real merit of his poetry; but the public voice, we apprehend, will decide the question, and the 'Irish Melodies' more especially will long survive the author. In person, we have said, he is diminutive; but in middle age he arrived at a full habit of body. His forehead is good, his eyes dark, nose prominent, the reverse of aquiline; the character of mouth good-humoured, and somewhat voluptuous; and the stamp of the whole person decidedly Irish.

#### THE ANEMONE MANIA.

THE garden anemone does not appear to be the plant mentioned by the great naturalist Pliny, and named from the Greek word *anemos*—the wind; for there is reason to suppose that it was not known in Europe until about the beginning of the last century, when it was introduced into France by M. Bachelieur of Paris. This gentleman, who was an amateur botanist, had been travelling in the Levant, and there saw the flower, which derived its first bright hues from an Eastern sun. Struck with its beauty, he procured some of the seed, and on his return to Paris, immediately sowed it. The season was favourable, and ere long the garden anemone opened its petals for the first time on the soil of France. M. Bachelieur, who was passionately fond of flowers, was the owner of a magnificent garden, which was visited by persons from every corner of Paris. His possession of this rare and beautiful plant soon became known, and was much talked of. Fashion is not less arbitrary at Paris than elsewhere. M. Bachelieur's garden had more visitors than ever; they flocked to it daily in crowds; a perfect mania set in; evening parties were formed only to afford opportunities for talking of the anemone; acquaintances never met but with the flower on their lips; in fact the anemone was in every mouth, but in no garden but that of M. Bachelieur. He was very willing that people should see and admire his rare flowers, but he would not suffer any one to touch

then: he guarded them with the most jealous care; and declared positively that he would not give a single seed even to the king himself, or his own nearest or dearest friend. Not give the seed! What on earth was to be done? The Parisians were in despair: how could they exist without the seed? It is true the people of France had for ages done without anemones, and still contrived to get on comfortably enough; but then they knew not that anything so lovely was to be found in the creation; and now that they had seen the flower, to live without it was impossible. All Paris was in a commotion: an anemone mania seemed to have attacked every individual in the city; but M. Bachelieur continued inflexible.

'Oh, I see how it is,' said one; 'he wants to make a market of the seed. Well, cost what it may, I'll have it.' Letters containing the most extravagant offers now showered upon the fortunate possessor of the plant. One offered a hundred, another three hundred, a third a thousand, and another furious anemonomaniac went as high as three thousand francs.

'My fortune is made!' said M. Bachelieur to himself with a chuckle: 'however, I will not give way yet; for the longer I hold out, the higher will be the offers.' Meanwhile the flowers withered, and the seed alone remained on the stalk: the anemone fever raged fiercer than ever; but all offers were vain. M. Bachelieur persisted in refusing either to give or sell the seed. This was not to be endured; a company was formed to send out a vessel to the East, for the sole purpose of obtaining the seed of the anemone; and all Paris was about to join in the enterprise, when M. Saint-Aulaire, a minister of state, undertook to procure it in an easier, though scarcely so honourable a manner.

In his frequent visits to M. Bachelieur's garden, having observed that the seed of the anemone, like that of the burdock, adhered, when quite ripe, to any woollen texture that happened to come in contact with it, he dressed himself in his robes of office, and went once more to visit the garden and its envied owner, with whom he had made acquaintance. A lackey followed, holding up the train of his gown.

'When we are in the garden, and close to the bed of anemones,' said he to the servant, 'be sure to let the gown slip out of your hands.' M. Bachelieur received his visitor with his usual obliging politeness, and conducted him into the garden. At the moment when they reached the bed of anemones, M. Saint-Aulaire turned suddenly round, and pointing to a plant at the other side of the garden—'Ah,' exclaimed he, 'what a superb plant is that!' As he spoke, his robe fell from the hands of the servant, and swept over some beautiful anemones, which left their seed clinging to the stuff. The man hastily caught up the gown, and the theft remained concealed in its folds.

Entirely occupied with the minister's admiration of his flowers, M. Bachelieur was quite unconscious of the transaction; and smiling and bowing, conducted him to the door, little suspecting that his treacherous guest was carrying away with him his hopes of fortune, and a cure for the anemone mania in the seeds of the anemone.

The following year the anemone was to be seen in many gardens, and poor M. Bachelieur looked foolish enough when he beheld them, and awoke suddenly from his dream of wealth. But although his covetousness may lessen our commiseration for his disappointment, it does not render more excusable the fraud practised by the minister. What sentence would he have pronounced on his own action had he been called on to judge it in another?

#### CURIOSITY IN ZOOLOGY.

A very curious animal has been discovered by Captain Bigot in the Punjab. The animal is formed in the rear like a hog-deer, but in the front it is covered with quills like those of the porcupine. The fore-feet are cloven, but the hind-feet have perfect hoofs.—*Indian News.*

#### AUGUST FANCIES—TWO SONNETS.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

I.

It is the Crown of Summer—August tide!  
Nor reels the Earth with her tiara's weight,  
But with a stately, calm, befitting gait—  
Not wholly unto gladness unallied,  
That matron-mirth which wears a mask of pride—  
Lifts her broad brow with conscious wealth elate,  
As if to ask what worthy planet-mate  
Gemmed the clear sky, and circled by her side.  
Still seems She ever lone: the moon—pale face!  
She makes but servitor—for wages this,  
To hold her anchored in the sea of space:  
And in her pride Earth takes no meaner kiss  
Than from the Orb of Day, whose warm beams chase  
The winter's sorrow with dear summer's bliss.

II.

Beneath an ancient elm-tree's broadest shade,  
In mood of idleness that rusteth not,  
Dull work-day ploddings are an hour forgot,  
And finer fancies round the soul are laid  
In tender ministration. Earth arrayed  
In August vesture is a charmed spot—  
A small bright chequer on our sombre lot—  
And fairy voices come from mead and glade,  
Sound from the humming bee that saileth by.  
In the light footfall of the bounding deer,  
And in the rivulet that trickles nigh,  
Telling in accents musically clear,  
Which float far upwards to the azure sky,  
A thousand secrets for the Poet's ear!

August 5, 1850.

#### SMALL COURTESIES OF LIFE.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of life,' those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum-total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas-tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighbourhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you!—*Letter from William Wirt to his daughter.*

#### VICTORIA REGIA.

The discovery of this plant was communicated to the Botanical Society of London by Sir Robert Schomburgk, and not to the Royal Geographical Society, as was stated in No. 346 of this Journal. Such was the enthusiasm excited on the occasion, that Sir Robert was instantly and unanimously elected a foreign member of the society.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 Plover Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.